



# Blue and White

Graduation Class of 1923



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See photos of  
historic  
buildings



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BLUE AND WHITE

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CLASS OF 1923

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# Blue *and* White



FIRST EDITION

Published by the Class of 1923

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## Foreword



THIS little book, the first issue of the "Blue and White," is offered as a part history, semi-serious, semi-comic, of the Class of 1923, and as such is most heartily commended to the smiles of fortune.

It indicates a growing school spirit, which in itself commends it; it contains the memoirs of many happy days spent within the walls of the beloved Alma Mater; of friendships forged and strengthened by common bonds of shared duties, joys, fears, sorrows and even aspirations.

That it may further strengthen these ties already formed, and that it may prove a source of inspiration to future generations of students is the sincere hope of everyone concerned with its publication.

M. MARTIN.



### Dedication



This issue of the Blue and White  
is dedicated to the Nurses  
who follow after.

## Introduction



THE history of the Winnipeg General Hospital dates back as far as the year 1871. At that time Winnipeg was but a little village with less than 300 inhabitants and the Province of Manitoba in its early infancy. The only means of communication with the great world outside, was the somewhat rickety old stage coach which journeyed between the little village and Minnesota, a distance of almost 400 miles. It was not until after the close of the first Riel Rebellion, when an influx of settlers arrived in the middle west, that the real need for a hospital was felt.

On the 13th of November, 1872, the hospital was organized and in May, 1875, provincial letters of incorporation taken out.

The first building occupied by the hospital was situated on the northwest corner of McDermot and Albert and two or three months later the hospital was moved to a house behind the Bank of Montreal.

Five other different houses were in turn occupied by the hospital before a permanent site was obtained. This was a little plot of land about a mile west of the Red River, donated by the Hon. A. G. Bannatyne and Andrew McDermot, and on it the first building was built with space for sixteen public and four private beds, and a small operating room.

After the beginning of the construction of the C.P.R. a large number of settlers began to arrive, and lack of accommodation forced the removal of the hospital to the larger space in the Dominion Immigration Hall, purchased at a cost of \$5,000.

On this property the first building of the present group was commenced in 1882, and formally opened in 1884. In 1888 a Nurses' Home and Maternity Department were added, and an isolated hospital was built in 1892. Several other additions were made between this and 1917, when the present East and West

Wings, Administration Building and Power House were completed. In 1918 the Psychopathic Hospital, the first of its kind in Canada, was built, bringing the total cost of extensions throughout the period of the war to \$430,000.

The hospital, as it stands today, has a bed capacity of 600, providing accommodation for all classes of the community and caring for patients from parts of the country hundreds of miles distant. In addition 100 to 200 patients are cared for in the out-patient department daily, and from 3,000 to 4,000 are yearly dealt with in the Social Service Department.

The Training School for Nurses was organized in 1887 and graduated its first class of six nurses in 1889. Since then the Nursing School has grown by leaps and bounds in order to meet the need created by the increasing bed-capacity, the growing demands of nursing education and the growth of the many and varied fields of nursing service.

The class of 39 graduating this year will bring the total graduated since the organization of the Training School to 754. Many of this number have become outstanding figures in the nursing world through their progressiveness, devotedness to duty and ability for leadership.

During the Great War 132 served overseas; four made the supreme sacrifice; 18 were awarded the Royal Red Cross distinction and two the military medal.

Now and then from near and distant parts of the country one hears reports of others who have graduated from the W.G.H. Some are in the public health field, some doing institutional work, some private duty, others teaching; and all are faithful and zealous disciples in the great cause of health, each one contributing her bit, doing her share to build up a healthier and happier Canada.

—J. H.



MISS M. MARTIN  
Present Superintendent of Nurses



MISS POWELL  
Former Superintendent of Nurses



DR. STEPHENS,  
Superintendent of Winnipeg General Hospital

Our Staff at Odd Moments



MISS M. MARTIN



MISS A. HARRISON



MISS J. HARRISON, MISS HOOPER



MISS S. CAMPBELL, MISS E. MOFFATT

## Our Staff at Odd Moments



MISS M. FOSTER, MISS CONRAD, MISS E. MOFFATT, MISS L. CHALTERN



MISS P. CAMPBELL, MISS LEWIS



MISS BEGG, MISS WIGGINS, MISS CAREY, MISS McEACHERAN

## Our Staff at Odd Moments



MISS COLEMAN, MISS THORENSTEIN



MISS BRUCE, MISS E. CAMPBELL,  
MISS G. JOHNSTONE, MISS McMILLAN  
MISS McGILVARY



MISS GOLDING, MISS HAYDEN, MISS PHILLIPS, MISS WILSON, MISS MITCHELL

## Winnipeg General Hospital



### Senior Class



Our Motto : "Actions Not Words."

Our Colors : Blue and White.

Our Flower : The Violet.

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### School Yell



Ching aling, a ching chow,  
Biff, bang, bing,  
Scultetus dressings, crutches and slings!  
Croton oil, olive oil, castor oil, too;  
Lysol, bengol—we offer them to you!  
Cut you up, sew you up, bandage you up tight,  
Rub you, tub you, make you sleep all night.  
Winnipeg General Hospital! Hurrah!



“ THE GIRLS ”

ADAMSON—

Harriette came to us  
Not till 1922,  
She shared our many troubles,  
And often cheered when things seemed  
blue.

THOMPSON—

Eva from Toronto  
Came all this way to see  
Just what kind of nurses  
The Westerners could be.

KAISER—

We must not forget our Pearl,  
For she is a jewel rare;  
We always rely on her judgment,  
And criticism fair.

ANDREW—

For Ainslee it is prophesied  
At a very early date  
Will take on matrimony and its trials  
To be her fate.

“ THE GIRLS ”

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CORNELL—

Marie so dainty,  
A bit of a vamp,  
Took more than a scolding  
Her spirits to damp.

ARDAL—

Thoro came from Iceland,  
That country far away,  
And to that land her dearest hope  
Is to wander back some day.

McCREA—

Then comes Mickey,  
That really spoiled child,  
We hope she gets a husband  
Who is real good natured and mild.

POLLON—

Polly you are too generous  
With your cup of tea and box of cake,  
If you keep on spending at this rate,  
You'll never your fortune make.





## "THE GIRLS"

### WARNER—

Evelyn always seems sober,  
Her wit's of a type that is dry,  
But when you get to know her,  
She can make your sorrows fly.

### JOWSEY—

Elinor, you are an example,  
Of wisdom and words so few,  
You would give us many surprises,  
If you told us all you knew.

### MacLACHLAN—

Ethel always modest,  
A blush on the delicate cheek,  
We won't say we ne'er took advantage  
Of one so easy going and meek.

### NEIL—

Emily so neat and sedate,  
Gossip has a rumor,  
It's a minister they say,  
Who causes that bright happy humor.

“ THE GIRLS ”

UNDERHILL—

There's another little ditty,  
It's about our Ella May,  
She will maybe take things serious,  
If they ever come that way.

RYDER—

When Robena donned her cap  
And uniform so prim,  
It made her feel very elated,  
And his hopes for the future most dim.

DODD—

If you are feeling lonely,  
And things seem mighty blue,  
There will be a different aspect  
When you've talked things over with Lou.

VENEABLES—

Just another little story  
About our happy Louie,  
Every day in every way,  
She practices the teaching of Coue.





## “ THE GIRLS ”

### SIMMESTEIN—

Ester always on the job,  
 Never known opportunity to spurn,  
 Many of us wish we had  
 That never tiring ambition to learn.

### MUNRO—

Of Jessie Anne  
 We all can agree,  
 That the chap who wins her  
 Lucky beggar will be.

### ROBERTSON—

Jean came from Scotland,  
 She is far away from home,  
 Don't you think it rather funny  
 One so young so far should roam.

### BOWERING—

Mae has a sunny nature  
 Of sentimental theme,  
 And of her future blessings  
 She loves to sit and dream.

“ THE GIRLS ”

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TURNER—

Mary used to live in Blighty,  
Far across the foam.  
We congratulate you, Mary,  
For making Winnipeg your home.

AIKENS—

Elma loves the movies,  
We believe she'll be a fan,  
If she doesn't fall a victim  
To little Cupid Dan.

CURRY--

Nita was fond of hockey,  
And to these matches would go.  
We're afraid her sporty nature  
Will bring her to some sort o' woe.

HARRIOTT—

Sybil comes from Selkirk,  
But she is not to blame.  
She is a real good sort,  
And in every adventure is game.





“ THE GIRLS ”

CHAPMAN—

Olga, with your eye of blue,  
And ever winning smile,  
Plays at the game of stealing hearts  
The moments to beguile.

BONNOR—

Katie comes from Carnduff,  
Another prairie lass,  
Who brought along a sister,  
For the next year nursing class.

MASON—

Lillian Mason so small,  
We often hear her sigh,  
When it comes to marks,  
Her ambition is high.

GEMMILL—

Gemmie used to be a school ma'm,  
She comes from Pilot Mound,  
Is now specializig in Psychiatry,  
And knows it right down to the ground.

## " THE GIRLS "

## BRAD—

Laura so serious of nature,  
There are stories not doleful or sad,  
She has really fallen in love,  
The victim's a farmer lad.

## CRAIG—

Maggie, bright and cheery,  
With hair of shining gold,  
Time may pass by,  
She will never grow old.

## RIDOUT—

Kathleen, though very professional,  
When off duty is so free,  
We believe that in the future  
She, a matron prim will be.

## NIXON—

Nixie now tells us,  
Can this story be true,  
That you'll soon be residing  
In a cottage for two.





## " THE GIRLS "

### KELSEY—

Susie, oh! please won't you tell us  
For we have wondered in vain,  
Just where, in that small anatomy,  
You store up that bountiful brain?

### MacKENZIE—

Norah with your rosy cheek,  
You're really quite a beauty,  
Too bad you spent so many months,  
On monotonous night duty.

### PARKER—

Edith tried to mother us all,  
She found us an unruly crew,  
She gave us many real scoldings,  
Then to her lectures withdrew.

### OTTOR—

Christine, ever smiling  
A sacrifice right through;  
Surely, many of us  
Could take an example from you.

## "THE GIRLS"

INGRAM—

Hazel, although you ran away,  
As soon as you were through,  
We still have your memory with us,  
And often are thinking of you.

JOHNSON—

We must not forget Halbera,  
For she is outwitted by few,  
And this is in conclusion,  
Our little rhyme is through.

—L. N.



The longer on this earth we live  
And weigh the various qualities of men,  
The more we feel the high, stern featured beauty  
Of plain devotedness to duty.  
Steadfast and still, not paid with mortal praise,  
But finding ample recompense  
For life's ungarlanded expense  
In work done squarely and unwasted days.

—James Russell Lowell.

Let each man think himself an act of God,  
His mind a thought, his life a breath of God,  
And let each try, by great thoughts and good deeds,  
To show the most of most of Heaven he hath in him.

—Bailey.

## Graduation



OUR Graduation Exercises were held at Grace Church on Friday, May 11th, at 8.30 p.m. The graduating class numbered thirty-nine. The address was given by the Rev. Dr. J. McKay, of Manitoba College, and dealt with the nurses' patron saint, Florence Nightingale, whose womanly qualities he held up as an example for modern nurses.

The prizes were presented by Mrs. R. A. Rogers. As usual, these had been the source of much speculation among the pupil nurses during the previous week. We heartily congratulate the winners, who were as follows:

### Graduating Class

Miss Laura Brad—Hospital Scholarship.  
Miss Maggie Craig—Practical Work.  
Miss Lillian Nixon—General Proficiency.  
Miss Kathleen Ridout—Executive Ability.

### Intermediate Class

Mrs. Winifred Camp—General Proficiency.

### Junior Class

Miss Vera Robinson—General Proficiency.

The graduating class has been very happily entertained by the Board, the Alumnae of the W.G.H., the Staff Nurses and the Senior Pupil Nurses. Graduation frivolities over, the graduates look with earnest eyes towards June and the all important "R.N. Exams."

## Stunt Night



WE, the members of the graduating class, held our Stunt Night on May 9th. We were gratified to see so large an audience assembled for the occasion and would like to thank them for their sympathetic attention. Also we would indeed like to thank Miss Martin, our Lady Supt. of Nurses, and Dr. G. Stephens, Supt. of the Hospital, for the extra help they allowed us to have for the occasion.

### Programme

1. "Night before an Examination," or "How We Study," by Miss E. Jowsey.
2. "Ode to Our Internes," by Miss L. Gemmill.
3. "From Probationer to Graduate Nurse," by Miss M. S. Turner.
4. "An Oral Examination," by Miss S. Kelsey.

—M. S. T.

## Class Will



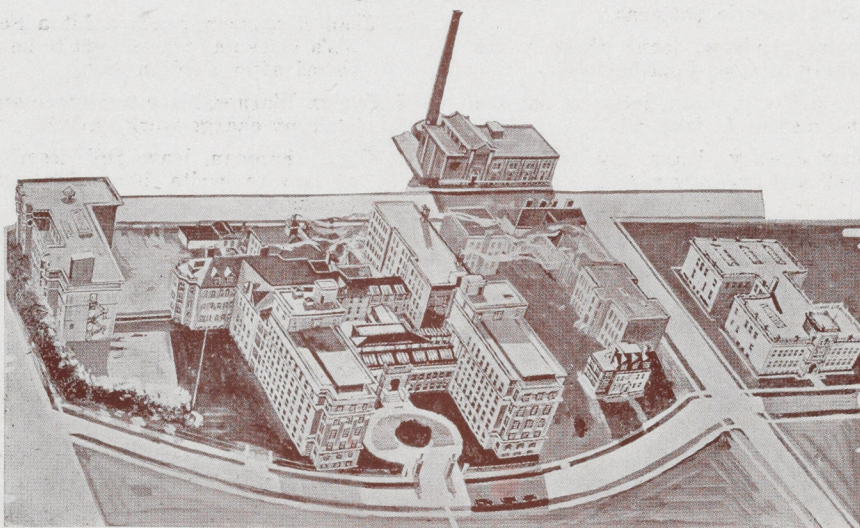
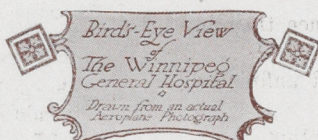
**W**E, the members of the 1923 Class, do solemnly declare this to be our last will and testament, and bequeath the following priceless bits of advice, etc., to those who succeed us in these important paths of life:

- I, Susie Kelsey, leave my hints on hair dressing.
- I, Christine Otter, leave my tub for a cold shower each a.m., 4.45.
- I, Lulu Dodd, leave my genial disposition.
- I, Nita Curry, leave my enthusiasm.
- I, Alma Atkens, leave hints on how to be popular with staffmen.
- I, Kate Bonnor, leave my little sister Anne in your care.
- I, Laura Gemmill, leave my selection of rare jokes.
- I, Lillian Nixon, leave my orthopedic shoes and high collars.
- I, Sybil Harriott, leave my once thought permanent position on Obs 7-11.
- I, Mary Turner, leave several unfinished plays.
- I, Edith Parker, leave a collection of the latest lingerie patterns.
- I, Ainslee Andrew, leave three years' supply of Coca-Cola bottles.
- I, Maggie Craig, leave notes on nervous and mental (1 lecture).
- I, Elinor Jowsey, leave my rouge, lip stick and eyebrow pencil.
- I, Louie Venables, leave some valuable information on reducing.
- I, Helbera Johnson, leave three years' share of rice pudding.
- I, Nora McKenzie, leave a vivid description of the cat fight (E flat).
- I, Kathleen Ridout, leave my impromptu lunch recipes.
- I, Jessie Munro, leave advice on how to entertain your beau with several intermeds, juniors and pros. around.
- I, Eva Thompson, leave my R for growing big and tall.
- I, Ethel McLachlan, leave my ambition to be seen and not heard.
- I, Emily Neil, leave valuable advice on how to run two flats with nurses for one.
- I, Lillian Pollon, leave a rare, dainty and antique collection of lunch dishes, all for \$1.19.
- I, Esther Simenstin, leave my ability to agree with all supervisors.
- I, Lillian Mason, leave hints how to go out six nights a week and be alive at the end of three years.
- I, Ella Underhill, leave (especially for pros.) the secret, how I kept my school girl complexion (under lock and key).
- I, Thordes Ardel, leave to those who find them, several pairs of Bandage scissors.
- I, Robena Ryder, leave my expressive vocabulary and permission to use it p.r.n.
- I, Jean Robertson, leave a bit a Scotch 3's's Price and where kept to be published after election day.
- I, Evelyn Warner, leave to anyone ambitious my charge work on Wll.
- I, Olga Chapman, leave full description of how to write home for money tactfully.
- I, Marie Cornell, leave advice on how to treat a roommate.
- I, Pearl Kaiser, leave advice on how to appreciate a good roommate.
- I, Hazel Ingram, leave my clue how to smile through it all.
- I, Mae Bowering, leave my sense of humor developed on Ell.
- I, Harriette Adamson, leave my financial standing at the Corner Store.
- I, Laura Brad, leave my still tongue.
- I, Edith McCrae, leave my advice on "how to borrow gracefully."

—L. N.



NURSES' HOME



## The Training



Three years she trained in sun and shower,  
While patients grumbled every hour,

“Do you call that a nurse?”

Three years she ran to answer bells,  
And studied what each symptom tells  
And what makes sickness worse.

On “F” and “G” she served her turn  
To gather specimens to learn

And medicine to shake;

And if she sometimes mixed the names,  
And gave to John the pills for James,  
What difference did it make?

On private flats she learned to dust,  
To wait and smile, as there you must,

While patients tell long tales.

On public flats she learned to rush,

On flying feet some cries to hush,

While answering distant wails.

At last she reached the white “O. R.”,  
Where patients coming from afar

Endure the surgeon’s knife;

And there she learned to sterilize

And keep her technique in such wise

She might not lose her life.

She travelled, too, the West four halls

• Where babies came and duty calls,

A hard but glorious school;

And there, perhaps, she learned the most,

For babies came there by the host,

Though not always by rule.

But now her long three years are o’er,

She’ll never kill our patients more,

Her studies she has passed;

Henceforth she travels where she will,

And other victims she will kill,

A Graduate at last!

—S. K.

## Notes Along the Way



EARLY in our probation period we were saddened by the sudden sickness and death of one of our classmates, Miss Olivia Olafson. Although she had been with us such a short time, she had already endeared herself to us and we shall never forget the quiet, true comrade who left us so soon for the Higher Service.

\* \* \*

We mourn the loss of Miss Giles, who died, shortly after leaving us, of nephritis, following scarlet fever contracted while in training. We offer our sincere sympathy to her family and friends.

\* \* \*

Although nurses are supposed to have no time and perhaps no inclination to bother with the men, facts prove that, as our school song says, "It's a lie!" Among those who have left our ranks for the married life are Miss Jenny Craig, who married Mr. J. J. Bradshaw, in 1921, and is now the proud mother of a

sturdy son; Miss Dorothea Kepkey, who became Mrs. Jocelyn in 1921; and Miss Elspeth Winram, who married the Rev. F. Glover last October. We wish them all the best of happiness in the new life.

\* \* \*

We regret the absence of the Misses Adamson, McKinnon, Hill, Chalmers and Sutherland. May they soon recover their health completely and rejoin the School at an early period.

\* \* \*

It is not often that the rejoicings of graduates are enhanced by the sound of the wedding bells, but such is our happy fate this year, for Miss Anne Harrison, our very capable Assistant Superintendent, has chosen this time to announce her engagement and early marriage to Mr. Charles Gill. May they have all happiness and prosperity in the coming years and may the School find a worthy successor to "Anne."

—S. K.

## Social Activities of the '23 Class



IT is a well-known maxim that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and as the W. G. H. nurses are far from anxious to be called dull, we do not neglect recreation. The Board agrees with this and besides providing the tennis courts, skating rink, and swimming tank, they encourage us to entertain our friends in the Nurses' Home at dances and other social functions. Their generosity in this respect has increased during our stay here, for now, besides giving us permission to use the Home for such affairs they pay practically all expenses for the formal dances.

As we look back over the three years, we recall many good times together. There were little picnics to the various parks, little excursions to the Cabbage Patch and little parties to the "Movies." Nor did we have a less enjoyable time when we tried to combine profit with pleasure. The Whist Drive held to raise money for the Nurses' War Memorial Fund was very successful. And it will be a long time before we forget the Hallowe'en revel in the Minto Barracks,

when the nurses in their attractive "Hard Times" costumes not only had a very good time, but by their fish-pond, fortune-telling booth and candy sale, raised a respectable sum for our Lantern Fund.

It was the formal dances, however, which constituted our most important form of social life. From the St. Patrick's Dance of our Junior Year to the New Year's Dance of our Senior Year, we cannot remember one that was not a success. Outstanding among them was the Rose Dance, which we gave in honor of the '22 Graduates, and the Hallowe'en Masquerade. The former we remember chiefly for its decorations, in the making of which we found much amusement, and on the effectiveness of which we were much complimented. The masquerade, being such, speaks for its own success.

We have had many good times together during the past three years, pleasant breaks in the monotony of everyday work, which we shall remember when we have scattered far and wide.

—S. K.

## The Notice Board



We would like to suggest that if our notices were put into rhyme they might attract more attention. For instance:

The washcloths must be kept with care;  
Of losing one, henceforth beware—  
Such carelessness will cost you dear,  
You'll train for it another year.

The lecture is cancelled for eve of this date,  
We are sorry this notice is posted too late.

All the gauze on your flat must be pulled tonight  
Or you stay and complete it yourselves;  
For the patients now better this work is light,  
And is needed to fill up our shelves.

Hot water bags and rubber sheets  
Must not go down the laundry chute;  
Who next this careless trick repeats  
Will leave the school by quickest route.

We wish you would use your fine library more;  
Of books believe we have nearly a score.  
If you find us at home we will give you the key,  
If not, in the office perhaps it might be.

—E. T.

## The Patient's Complaint



An abdominal pain is no bed of roses,  
More so when the doctor declares his diagnoses,  
An operation "stat" and a bed on East 3  
Is a death knell to hopes, you all will agree.

All the nurses so gentle and oh! so serene—  
They ne'er had operations, 'twas plain to be seen.  
My pain had all left me and they thought it so queer  
That my complaint now was just "plain fear!"

The stretcher came rattling down the hall—  
To Heaven for mercy I sent my last call!  
I crawled up so fast on that four-wheeled cart—  
With a sad, sad longing in my poor old heart!

The O.R. was reached—it was No. 3—  
Things did look fine, I sure will agree!  
It certainly was a most beautiful sight  
To see doctors and nurses all robed in white.

The anaesthetic began—no more I know  
Till my operation was over and all was through!  
My head was on earth and my feet in the skies,  
So no wonder I gave vent to those heart-rending cries.

Yet now I am well, as all may see,  
The nurses recall those words with glee!  
They laugh and think it tremendously queer—  
That my final complaint was "just plain fear."

—Anon.

## The Elocutionists



**I**F you ever tire of Charlie Chaplin or whoever your favorite comedian may be and want a little really novel amusement, find your way into the haunts of an elocution class and hear them practice. Such a class might have been observed recently studying in the solemn precincts of the Medical College under the direction of Miss Edna Sutherland, for there the '23 girls found that they were all budding orators. Fortunately there were no witnesses to their antics, their failures and their triumphs. Had there been, what joy they would have experienced at hearing the serious seniors whistling in concert, expelling long drawn breaths at a given signal, or repeating in various keys, "Bell, bell, bell, bell!" How delighted they would have been with the physical exercises when the same dignified seniors stood on one foot and waved the other in the air or rolled a drowsy head in apparent anticipation of sleep. Such an intruder would have been equally entertained by the stumbling rendering of some simple quotation by a usually self-confident young person, and by the carefully prepared and clearly delivered speech of some other member of the class.

While an outsider, however, would have found great entertainment in one of the sessions of the class, it would have been nothing to the fun the elocutionists themselves got out of it. How we agonized with the victim on the platform who seemed about to fail; how we rejoiced when she pulled through; and how we triumphed over each success! Then for a change the instructress, warming to the subject, would show how it ought to be done, or would explain how we might use her physical exercises. And the fun by no means ended with the class, for peals of laughter might often

be heard after nightfall from these students' room as they practised balancing, humming, or their "pieces" for next class. Yes, on the whole, the elocution course was voted by those who attended it to be the best of the year.

It was not only for the entertainment they afforded that the elocution classes were appreciated. They were of inestimable value, though it must be confessed that at first several of us wondered whatever nurses wanted with elocution. We soon found out. Those of us who may some day take up public health work, and the number is steadily increasing, will have to learn to address audiences and will look back with immense gratitude to Miss Sutherland's help. Probably every one of us will some time or other have to speak in public, and when that day comes we shall remember at least two of the things we have learned, first that it is very hard to speak on a platform to an audience however small and sympathetic, and second that we can do so if we must. For even the most self-confident of us was surprised to find how her knees wobbled when she faced the audience, and the most timorous was delighted to find she could make a speech. And if we remember these two facts along with a few of Miss Sutherland's hints about preparing and practicing our speeches, gripping with our toes and throwing our voices, we shall be unspeakably grateful for our elocution classes when our turn comes to mount a public platform.

The '23 class takes this opportunity to thank Miss Sutherland for her unfailing patience and infinite pains with our class, to thank those who made it possible for us to enjoy this course, and to advise our juniors in the school not to neglect elocution when their turn comes.

—S. K.



## A Fish Story



**A**N early hour—3.30 or 4 a.m., and time to get up! So be a sportsman! Arise in these chill hours with joy—an easy thing of course. Very! Carefully you remove your last foot from the bedclothes. Your uprising must be noiseless or sudden death will drain forever your hopes as a great fisher in the Lake of the Woods. Your last toe becomes entangled in the sheet. With one foot on the floor, another still in bed, your whole body suddenly meets the ground! A resounding thud! Dead silence on your part. Terror, inquiring glances shot at the direction of your bed from various other beds. You are very cautious. You lie low, lying half on the floor and half in bed—naturally a very comfortable position.

Ten minutes later and snores coming from all around, you cautiously disentangle the toe. Noiselessly you tip-toe around to one or two chosen spirits, destined to accompany you in this spirited expedition. Of course you are all feeling that you are well on the way to becoming great fishermen! Your fellow conspirators do not feel like sportsmen today. They do not wish to think of fish. Only by means of many a lusty thump, many honeyed words and much strength, can you drag them from their comfy beds. You dress, your teeth chatter, but you pretend it is the sound of the chipmunks. You smile and carry on a running conversation in a whisper. Usually there are no replies.

A few minutes later you go down the steps to the boat. A shudder shakes you from head to foot as you smell the er—sweet chill air. The moorings of the boat are terribly secure, the ropes knotted in those abominable knots which make you split your fingernails. Smilingly you split them one by one. A sleepy head peeps down from the verandah above to see who is stealing the boats. Much malediction when mere creatures—like yourselves—are the only persons to be seen.

One of the chosen spirits suggests taking the minnow net as well as the fishing rods, possibly so that you may be able to secure your own bait. Dimes going by the dozens for minnows which persist in hopping off the hook, become expensive after a day or so of ardent fishing; and six dollars per month will not allow of luxuries. Only—to suggest lugging a minnow net up hill and down dale in the early morning—this is beyond even your sporting spirit. With scarcely veiled disdain the minnow net suggestion is squashed. . . . Oh! woe betide you! . . . by yourself!

Silence, except for splashing oars. Next a quick landing on the far side of the lake. A tin of bought minnows hastily seized from the bottom of the boat, where they have been reposing—and dying, poor beggars—all night! Much patience and next the fishing lines, hooks, etc., are disentangled. Over the hill; down the hill; through the wood.

"Isn't it wonderful out here?" you remark by way of being original.

"Why the . . . Well, why the dickens did you get us up in the middle of the night to drag these beastly fish things all this way? Why can't you let a person sleep when they are supposed to be having a rest?"

To which you sweetly reply, "But, my dear, think of the fresh air and the fish and your lungs!" Your voice sounds unconvincing.

Silence. The Big Dam. Just the sound of the water. Everyone settles down to fish.

Up comes the sun—when oh! . . . did you ever see silver shreds dancing on the water in the sunlight? You catch your breath. You dash to the spot of the silver threads. The cry of a broken heart rends the air. Minnows! Not one!—not two, but millions—a whole shoal. Heartless laughter on either side of you as the idle minnow net is recalled . . . lying at home.

You have the spirit of heroes. You seize a tin. From your lily feet you remove shoes, etc. You march bravely into the water. You scoop—scoop—scoop. The minnows dart. They sit on your feet. They appear to climb around your legs. The tin, they will not look at. Scoop—Scoop. Peals of heartless laughter from the shore. You do not appear to hear it; you are a sportsman to the bone. The sun beats down on your devoted head. The minnows dance onward into the lake. Two things are left you: (a) an empty tin, (b) a broken heart.

One thing remains to do—time is going fast. Quickly you summon your one time friends. Nought remains to do but sit down in the nearest spot and prepare a Fish Story. For whether you catch fish, or whether you fish fish, without the catch, never, never must you return home from a fishing expedition without a Fish Story.

—M. S. T.

## The Nurses Cottage, Kenora



PEACE? Do you want peace? Do you like beautiful things? Do you like a homey life? Do you like chipmunks and row boats and fir trees and little fat partridges and hot rocks with masses of flowers? And berries? And sometimes a trip in a motor launch or a picnic or a corn roast? Go down to the Lake of the Woods. Go to the Ha Ha Lee Wis Camp, the Nurses' Cottage.

The days are not long enough, or rather one's holiday is just one long day of delight. You explore. You hunt for many a skeleton buried inches deep on the islands around. You gather flowers or you lie on your back and dream dreams and build air castles. You find berries, the like of which were never tasted before! You become grounded on a rock in the midst of a stormy lake—you bid goodbye to all your friends. You get your boat ungrounded and say "how d'ye do" again to all your friends. You bathe; you swim; perhaps at night you dance. And then you sleep. On the quiet verandah you sleep. And the chipmunks make little sleepy noises. Or in the early morning they throw cones on the roof to tell you it is daylight. Perhaps you get up then. Perhaps you go to sleep again. Perhaps you get up to fish!

—M. S. T.

## Ha Ha Lee Wis Camp, Kenora



BOATING AT KENORA



NURSES' COTTAGE AT KENORA

## Out-Patient Department

MY first impression, how beautifully clean everything is; my second, that of a robust and healthy looking little lady, with an ever ready smile, and a cheery word for all, and of her witty little assistant, who apparently is never tired. I heard many strong and wonderful names in those days, names which suggest all the countries of the globe, my tongue almost refused to call them out, and I certainly was not surprised whenever the owner of the same did not recognize it. Can any English speaking woman ever learn to say the name "Chaswovichy" in the way it is meant to be said.

Many babbling voices are heard speaking strange and wonderful language and the smell of garlic predominates everywhere.

I met many doctors: The one who instructs his patients to go home for a week, and refrain from eating garlic, then to return for a further examination; the one who takes a tongue depressor and searches deeply into the hair remarking "The law permits them to keep that kind of stock if they wish, nurse."

The man who teaches these stranger women how to take care of themselves, to become stronger and healthier mothers and again the one who instructs

these same women how to have stronger and healthier children.

The man who tenderly and carefully takes the little deformed child and straightens the bones and limbs in a cast until the child can run and play with his fellows, and last, but not least, the man who instructs the little children how to play the health game. All these are remembered by me.

I think of teeth, and blood, then more blood, in the dental department, and of broken fingers and chopped thumbs, of splinters and broken wrists in the surgical department, and of doctors of great skill in surgery. And then our casualty room—you peep in, quiet and clean it looks, spotlessly white, with perhaps our good Scotch orderly polishing sterilizers.

The ambulance arrives, two burly policemen carrying a groaning Russian on a stretcher, a voluble Italian, two internes, two nurses, the cheery man from the admitting office and his even more cheery boy Nick, all fill the room to overflowing. A fall from a building maybe, or a buffer hit on the railroad; it's the same, he's knocked out. But our room is no longer quiet and spotless; it has become the scene of great activity. A case has arrived. We are on our job, the job of healing. —E. P.

## The King George Training

THE course at the King George Hospital is among the most valuable "Special Trainings" which the Hospital has to offer. There we learn to recognize and nurse those common infectious diseases which cannot be treated at our own hospital, but which we shall inevitably meet during our nursing career. To confess that one had never nursed a case of measles would make most mothers think that a nurse had had very little experience.

The King George Hospital is good for our conceit. Some of us, when we have passed through the Operating Room and Maternity Department, think we know the meaning of the word "technique," but we find our mistake after we have spent a day in the King George, scrubbing our hands raw, being scolded every time we touch anything, and finally standing still in a perfect daze wondering how to put down some object we hold and take something else without contaminating them, ourselves, and every-

thing else on the word. When we have spent two months there, we begin to realize that technique is not a matter of knowing the rules, but must be second nature to a successful nurse.

The home life at the King George is also a good experience for us. Mixing on practically equal terms with graduate nurses from all parts gives us a fresh insight into the different aspects and opportunities of our profession. Perhaps we feel a little envious of their wonderful "Nurses' Home" at the same time that we feel homesick for our own little corner at the "General," but then we remember that some day we, too, are going to have a new home.

Altogether, we are thankful for the time we spent in infectious training and hope that the Hospital will be able to carry out the proposed plan for giving an opportunity to every pupil nurse to have a course at the King George Hospital. —S. K.

## At The Margaret Scott Mission



**B**RAVELY you tramp from the car to the house farthest from the car line, for this is always bound to be the house you must visit. Gayly you lug your black bag along. Quickly and often you descend knee deep in snow, in the winter; or in the summer the hot beads of perspiration dance jauntily down your face as you stumble over the ruts in the track and and blow away the mosquitoes. You arrive at the door and knock. No answer. Knock again. No answer. Cautiously you open it.

"Is Mrs. Flakkerinschuck here and is she sick today?" you question brightly. From the room somewhere a voice: "T'se Mrs. Flakkerinschuck. I no sick."

"No sick?"

"I no sick—my man—he sick."

"Your man, where is he, Mrs. Flakkerinschuck?"

"He out today, Missus."

"Out! and he is sick!"

The door slowly opens and Mr. Flakkerinschuck appears. Five minutes go by while he seems to bolt and bar the door against all possible and impossible burglars.

"Good morning, Mr. Flakkerinschuck, how are you?" you say.

"Seicke—seicke, Missis Nurse!"

"Where sick, Mr. Flakkerinschuck?"

"Missis Nurse, I no sick now—I sick tree monts ago!"

"Sick three months ago?"

"I sick tree monts ago and Mrs. Starm-robstein, she live next door, she say it better you come to see if I well today!"

"But how do I know if you are well? I have only just seen you!"

"You nurse—you know!"

You take his temperature, you feel his pulse. You ask him if he can eat, if he can sleep.

"Eat? yes. Sleep, no!"

"Why no sleep?"

"My woman, she make noise when she breathe as she sleep, like a farm!"

"Well, make her turn on her side and not sleep lying on her back, then she won't make a noise!"

"No, Missis Nurse?"

"No she will not."

"Well, Missis Nurse, this night I make her sleep that way—you say—you nurse."

You bid goodbye. You almost trip up over a rag of carpet. A lean cat, with a mistaken sense of humor, darts from under a chair, dashes playfully at your feet, almost succeeding where the carpet failed to upset you. You unhook and unlatch and unbolt and gently persuade the outside doors to open. The gentleman of the house, once you are out, proceeds to bolt, bar and hook the door again. You stumble back the way you came and go to other homes.

Some are very sick, some almost dead, some lying patiently as they have lain for years, by a miserable window with dirt-darkened panes. Then you go in. You wash, you tidy, you do as many and many a Margaret Scott Nurse has done before you. Perhaps not as well as they, but your best anyway.

Next comes home, for the Margaret Scott Mission House is home. You are welcomed, you are made happy. The pepper and the salt, the butter and the bread, the everything you want or need to eat is made ready for you.

Upstairs is your room, quiet and clean. Mrs. Scott, herself, asks if you are not very itred. If you have all you want. All? And you would like to tell her how good she makes you feel—how just like home the Mission feels. Sometimes you tell her and she just smiles. Sometimes the words won't come—but she understands, for surely she is one of the great understanding ones of the world.

—M. S. T.

## The Psychopathic Hospital



THE Manitoba Psychopathic Hospital forms the centre of the Provincial system for the treatment of mental diseases, and was built and is maintained by the Government of the Province. It is the only Psychopathic Clinic in Canada for the study and treatment of mild and curable mental diseases.

The hospital was designed and constructed in the year 1919, and opened in the month of October of the same year. Its purpose is to receive all types of psychoses, many psychoneuroses and cases of mental maladjustment generally. The capacity is forty beds. During the three and a half years it has been open, there have been practically 1,000 admissions to the wards, of which approximately two-thirds have been discharged as cured. The demands for accommo-

dation have not by any means diminished, there always being a long waiting list of patients for admission.

Outside of regular routine work, chiefly hygienic methods and hydrotherapy, the staff has maintained an active Outdoor Department. Many of the cases referred to this department have been from the courts, various social organizations and many private physicians. The Social Service and Occupational Departments have done a great deal of important work.

The Psychopathic Hospital gives an opportunity for students and nurses to come into closer contact with patients suffering from mental disorders, thus broadening their general outlook on disease.

—L. G.

## “Special Trainings”



OUR hospital offers many and varied “Special Trainings.” Amongst these are courses in the:

Hydrotherapy and Massage under Miss Herman.

Diet Kitchen, under Miss Bruce.

Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Operating Room, under Miss Conrad.

Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Dressing Room, under Miss E. Campbell, on “J.”

We all pass through the General Operating Rooms, under Miss E. Mof-

fat’s watchful eye. We also all spend three months between West IV. and V., learning practical obstetrical work under Miss McEachern.

Besides the above mentioned trainings, there are those which some of us are lucky enough to have in various other branches of nursing, which have been described elsewhere, viz: The Psychopathic Hospital, the King George Hospital, the Margaret Scott Mission, and the Out-patients’ Department.

—M. S. T.

## Right Duty



**N**IGHT DUTY! Few people like you—most would willingly escape you if possible! Yet night duty, spent here in the Winnipeg General Hospital, under the kindly supervision of Miss Susie Campbell and Miss Elspeth Moffatt, need not be dreaded. An eight hour duty, too, has greatly relieved the strain—a strain which we could not help but feel when from 7 p.m. to 7 a.m. next morning, duty held us in no tender embrace.

Those days are past. Thanks to the many girls now seeking a career in the nursing profession, all branches of the work in the hospital have been made easier. And those girls who are on night duty profit, too. All the heavy wards have relief nurses and 7 a.m. sees most night nurses ready and waiting to give their report and journey to breakfast.

—M. S. T.

## Right Mares



When from West II. you wend your way,  
And seek your pillow soft,  
The haunting green lights of the day  
Will come and chase your sleep away,  
Will come—and come to stay.

Or if perchance you close an eye  
And sleep does come at last,  
Up in the clouds of dreamland high,  
You'll see these green lights drawing  
nigh,  
To spoil your rest and cloud the sky.

Or say from "K" you trundle down,  
At 7.15 a.m.,  
Too tired to think of going down town,  
Wishing your cares in sleep to drown,  
And for dreams of wings and a golden  
crown.

No golden crown your sleep will know,  
No wings will come your way,  
Rats with bright eyes will come and go,  
Mice with long tails will bring you woe,  
And cockroaches walk on your toe.

Or from West V. or IV. maybe,  
You race with glad delight,  
The things you seek in vain to flee,  
Will come to stay until you see,  
Strange things all through the night.

You'll find the air full everywhere,  
Of babies big and small,  
Of babies very dark or fair,  
Of babies quaint, of babies rare,  
Of any kind at all.

And when these things will haunt the  
skies,  
You must not seem to mind—  
Just go ahead, start counting sheep,  
Or watching clouds or thinking deep,  
Of Coue's methods wise.

—M. S. T.

## Mrs. Van



The Nurses' Home Housekeeper

There's a lady named Van in our Home,  
To whom I would write a short "pome,"

She looks charming in grey,  
So I hope she will stay,  
And not roam very far from our Home,

Her staff are quite dainty in pink,  
They are really quite thoughtful, I think;  
If we're late from our Flat,  
They never say "Scat,"  
But, "Sit down, nurse, I'll get you a drink."

This lady named Van has been seen  
Our beds and our cupboards to clean,  
She our curtains tears down,  
And her face wears a frown,  
But she's really not keen to be mean.

To this lady named Van we would say,  
"Just stay with us, don't go away,  
Keep your staff with their laugh,  
Their pink dresses and chaff,  
And make our lives happy and gay."

—E. P.

## A Few Words on Missionary Work for Nurses



**D**ID you ever think of doing missionary work when you graduated? Have you drifted into work of less importance because you know little about it and because you have not come in touch with others who know? If so this article is written for you.

### Opportunity—

The work of trained nurses in hospitals and dispensaries for women lies chiefly in India, China, and in our own Northern Canada amongst Indians and Eskimo. The aim of the "Forward Movement" included a nurse in every Indian boarding school. There is a tremendous field here for devoted, well trained, Christian nurses not only in the schools themselves but in the various hospitals for Indians and as field matrons on the Reserves.

### Qualifications—

Love of God there must be, good health, sound constitution and youth with its optimism. The age limit is from 23 to 32, with few exceptions. A nurse must come as a graduate from a hospital of good standing, she must have common sense, sympathy, love of children, ability to make friends readily with people of varying temperaments, and she is of more value if accomplished in music, household science, art and athletics, and,

last but not least, she must have a sense of humor.

### Additional Training—

There is no special training institute. Girls are given additional training in various institutions such as the Deaconess House, Trinity and Wycliffe Colleges, Toronto. Special private courses are given at the discretion of a committee. When this training is completed, if the candidate still desires to give her services and if she is considered suitable for the work, a grant is made her for travelling expenses and outfit. If she does not remain five years in the service she is expected to return the sum expended. Every four or five years a furlough of one year is granted to foreign missionaries, while holidays are variously arranged for workers in the home mission field.

### Salary—

The financial return is small, merely enough to live on with a small pension for old age. If, however, our work is the thing we love best, our mind and thought will move towards our aim. Those who love their work the best have a rich future, will accomplish more, will develop further, will attract the greatest and best from all sources, and will advance steadily toward the goal of their vision.

—E. P.

## The Nurses' Church



**S**T. MATTHEW'S CHURCH is the nurses' church, and its rector, the Ven. Archdeacon McElheran, the nurses' friend.

He comes to us in our work with the patients, he invites us to his church, and inspires us at all times to do and to be our best; he is always willing to help us.

One of our most pleasant memories is of the evening when we were all entertained by the Young Peoples' Association of the church, and our graduation week opened with the congratulations and good wishes of the rector and all the members of the church, given from the pulpit.

Our Easter and Christmas each year is

made memorable by the early morning communion service.

The evening before the service the Out-patient Department is made beautiful with flowers and plants, and a small communion table is erected by Miss Lewis and Miss Campbell, assisted by Robert, our ever willing orderly.

The Ven. Archdeacon McElheran conducts the service at 6 a.m. and the whole school, irrespective of denomination, is invited to receive communion.

Our grateful thanks for his never-failing friendship and also to those who assisted him in giving us the opportunity to begin our day with this service.

—E. P.

## Robert Snook

Did you ever hear of Ginger Snook?  
If not, you cannot belong to the Winni-  
peg General Hospital.

Well, did you ever wish for cake—real  
fruit cake—so full of fruit you could  
scarcely see the flour at all?

Did you ever wish for strawberries in  
the hot summer days? Or peaches in  
the early autumn, or plums?

Did you ever feel like eating cheese—  
and no cheese to be had?

We did. We do.

But then, we get it. Because you see  
in our hospital—we are not like other  
hospitals—we have Ginger Snook, and  
though he will not let us have his pic-  
ture, yet he cannot stop us writing about  
him in our year book.

"Ginger Snook"—the friend of all the  
nurses.

—M. S. T.

## Jokes

### Things Which Don't Get You Anywhere in the W. G. H.

1. Explaining "why" you were late  
for Prayers.
2. Falling asleep in class.
3. Asking for the day off because your  
"beau" is in town.
4. Hoping Miss Harrison will not see  
your brown shoes as you file past her  
after Prayers.
5. Trying to sleep when your room-  
mate feels hilarious and entertains the  
entire neighborhood.
6. Explaining to Dr. L. why you over-  
looked one of his orders.
7. Taking a nap when in the O. R.
8. Letting the "Powers" see you read-  
ing flippant magazines.

### Want Ads.

WANTED—In the Nurses' Home, a  
new notice board; must be very much  
larger than the one in present use.

SITUATIONS VACANT—One per-  
fectly good editorial desk to go to the  
first applicant. Applicant must be pos-  
sessor of unlimited tact, patience, per-  
severance, time and ability to compose  
as well as edit all materials required.  
Present editor resigning immediately ow-  
ing to nervous exhaustion. Apply  
T.S.O., anytime.

Page Forty

### Some Illuminating Answers to the "Little Mothers' League" Examinations

1. The nose and ears carry off the  
waste matter of the body by vomiting.
2. All food goes to waste if left in the  
body too long.
3. When nursing an infectious case,  
burn all the clothing.
4. A baby fed on mother's milk will  
make a success of life.
5. Blood is carried through the body  
by the artilleries and the voluntaries.
6. The stomach is the part below the  
waist band; it contains many small parts  
of the body inside it, and the lungs and  
the kidneys are in it also.

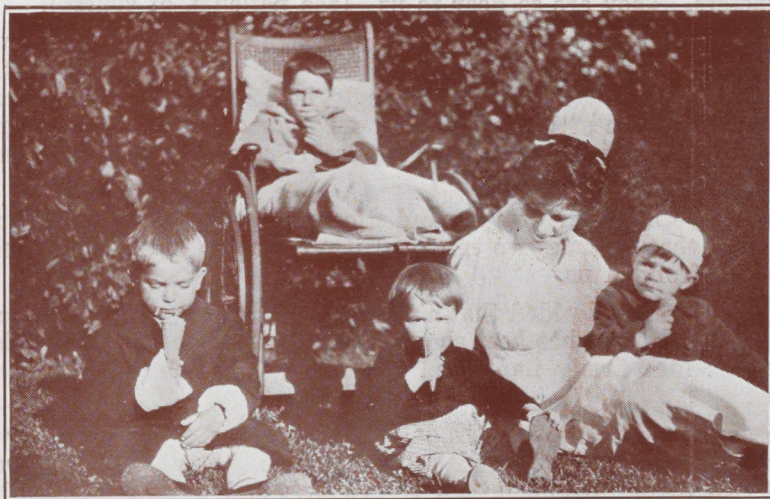
He: Have you read "Freckles?"  
She (quickly): Oh, no, that's only my  
veil.

A man took his wife to the doctor. He  
was only a simple fellow and had lived  
in the country all his life. The doctor  
placed a thermometer in the wife's  
mouth. Just before he removed it, the  
man who had watched spellbound, being  
unused to such silence on the part of his  
wife, blurted out, "Doctor, what will you  
take for that thing you put in her  
mouth?"



ELEVEN BABIES—"ONE DAY'S CATCH"

And each mother wonders if she has received her own baby. So she is shown the blue and white necklace which encircles the tiny neck. These necklaces are composed of pretty blue beads with the name spelled in black capital letters on white block beads. The necklace is sealed on. Then there is the bracelet placed on the left wrist, also bearing the child's surname. The child wears both necklace and bracelet as long as it is in hospital, and before this necklace is used again it is thoroughly sterilized. Thus labelled, no mother need fear a changling baby, need she?



MISS J. HARRISON, WITH HER FAVORITE BABIES

## Ethics of the 1924 Class



**I**F anyone wants to know just what we are like individually he must call at the front entrance to the Nurses' Home in person, but as we are likely to be on duty, he may have to be satisfied with the following expression of our principles:

As a class we believe in, and practice all the best modern health rules—one piece of toast at breakfast is all we deem advisable for an average morning's work. There was a day when we believed in having jam at our mid-day meal, thinking that tapioca four times a week might encumber our systems with too much starch, but of late, that idea has exploded. Once a week only we indulge in ice cream. We do not think it advisable to partake of more than one helping. Sometimes we forget ourselves so far as to ask for a second, but that is as far as we do get.

We believe in sleeping in the fresh air, when we can muster courage enough to move our beds to the balcony in February, in order to insure a place on which to set them.

It is considered a crime by us to keep the night nurses awake in the day time, when we ourselves are on night duty.

We have made ourselves familiar with all the fire escape rules regarding coming in to the Home, but are not so sure in case of going out.

It is against our principles as a class to sleep later than 6.20 in the morning, in order to allow ourselves three seconds to draw breath and pull our cuffs after arriving at Assembly.

We do not believe in allowing our patients to swallow the mercury in the thermometers. They are so dear to us—the patients, of course).

We are particularly proud of our table manners. For instance, we never say abruptly: "Pass the cream." We merely murmur politely, "Oh, for a little cream on this." Unless famishingly hungry, we always remember to leave a little of each article of food on our dinner plates, even though we go from the table unsatisfied. To take the first slice of bread off the plate is the last thing we would think of.

We always have our own name distinctly marked on our linen, in fact so distinct is it that at times we can read it on the cap on someone else's head two rows in front of us.

Of late we have decided that a great deal more respect is due the Seniors from the Juniors than has been shown in the past. In fact we are endeavoring to have this idea firmly implanted throughout the School by May 12th, at the latest.

We are sorry to lose the Graduates. As they slip away one by one, we realize that we are losing friends who have shared our joys and sorrows for the past two years. We hope their future days may be as bright as they have pictured them.

—Contributed by 1924 Class.

## The Junior Class



One Hundred and Twenty-Five in Number  
promises to be the biggest class that ever  
graduated.

At present silent—But strong.

## Jokes



A clergyman was spending the afternoon at a house in the village where he had preached. After tea he was sitting in the garden with his hostess. Out rushed her little boy, holding a rat above his head.

"Don't be afraid, mother," he cried. "He's dead. We beat him and bashed him and thumped him until—" catching sight of the clergyman, he added, in a lowered tone, "until God called him home."

Barber: Why don't you try some of my prescription for the hair?

Customer: Why?

Barber: Your hair is so like wire.

Customer: That only denotes my iron constitution.

She: What did you get for the poems you sent in on your birthday?

He: Many happy returns.

Salt was defined by an Irishman as nasty fithout any.

"Do you love me?"

"Madly."

"Would you die for me?"

"Er-no, It's an undying love."

"Say, Pa."

"Well, my son?"

"I took a walk through the cemetery today and I read the inscriptions on the tombstones."

"Well, what about it?"

"Where are all the wicked people buried?"

A doctor was giving evidence. The K.C. looked at him. "Doctors sometimes make mistakes," he said.

"So do lawyers," said the doctor.

"But doctors' mistakes," said the counsel, "are buried six feet deep under the ground."

"Yes," said the doctor, "and lawyers' mistakes sometimes swing in the air."

"Are you fond of lobster salad, doctor?" asked a charming lady at a dinner party.

"No," replied the doctor, "I'm not fond of it, but I'm extraordinarily grateful to it."

Public Health Nurse: Johnny, what is that dark patch on your neck?

Johnny (proudly): Oh, Nurse, I've got lots of that dark skin all over me. You see one of my ancestors married a (H)indoo!

## Ode to "The Internes"

Anonymous



Here's a song to all our Internes,  
For they are a jolly lot.  
Every one of them's a heroine,  
Who shall never be forgot.

Our loyal Superintendent  
In the finest in the land,  
And finds time—despite his worries—  
To reach out a helping hand.

Charlie Burns in the Infirmary  
His authority still holds,  
Writing orders for the nurses,  
Helping cure their ouchs and colds

Then we have our Senior Houseman,  
Harold Morrison by name,  
Ever helpful to the nurses,  
(He likes flirting, just the same).

Six foot two our "Tiny" Meredith,  
He's the nurses' trusty friend,  
Be it morning, noon or midnight,  
You can trust him to the end.

Next in line comes J. D. Fraser,  
Who is very much alive,  
With exceptions—such as sometimes  
Waiting on W. 4 or 5.

"Buddie" Musgrove at the Psycho,  
An immaculate being, he,  
"Experiment" 'is his second name,  
Yet withal has sympathy.

Fresh and cheery, Alex. Goodwin,  
(May not be so very tall)  
But he's won the nurses over  
With his friendly smile for all.

Isaacs, clever, yet was human;  
Strange, how often he'd contrive  
To be passing the Supply Room  
After midnight, on W 5.

Young MacLean, alias "Mickie,"  
Will attain to high degree.  
His opinion of nurses  
Then, no doubt, more fair will be.

Now, when first we knew young Carroll,  
He was deperately shy;  
But just lately he has altered,  
And the reason—tell me why?

Benwell, Gryte and Bruce Chowan,  
All are in the U.S.A.,  
Where we hope they'll make a fortune  
And come back to us some day.

We miss Irish-hearted Ryall  
And he misses us, you bet,  
For he loves an Irish lassie,  
Who is here in training yet.

Davidson and Harry Carson,  
And young Thompson in addition,  
Have gone out into the country  
Where they need a good physician.

Doctor Hawk, the tall and handsome,  
Keeps poor Ronald mopping hard  
In the Eye and Ear Department,  
Has for tonsils no regard.

Hiram Wright, we do admire him,  
Frank and sterling through and  
through;  
And he's always very willing  
When there's any work to do.

Murray Cleghorn from Toronto,  
Is a Westerner you can tell;  
He's a clever little doctor,  
and a jolly flirt as well!

Gladys Story—Marie Cameron,  
First the blonde, then the brunette;  
Still evince their skill and learning  
When Exams. have to be met.

## Ode to "The Internes" (Continued)



Who comes next, so tall and slender?  
 Stanley Argue is his name.  
 If night calls on E. 5 aren't answered,  
 You bet Stan. won't be to blame.

Wallace Bond, with moods so varying,  
 Now below and now above.  
 Eihre he has missed his calling  
 Oh re's dreadfully in love.

Now before we go much further,  
 Let's just mention Ross Magee,  
 Who without the Lab. on "F" flat  
 Absolutely lost would be.

Now MacCharles, we've heard it  
 mentioned,  
 (And quite probably it's true),  
 That he dearly loves the ladies—  
 AND THE LADIES LOVE HIM, TOO

Bridge has not seen many summers,  
 Yet he'll famous be, no doubt,  
 For with snare and with tenaculum  
 Every tonsil must come out.

Yet another good physician  
 Will become our young Van Vliet.  
 He's a very fine musician  
 And no less of an athlete.

The new Internes we won't mention,  
 We don't know them to the letter;  
 Next year's class of Graduates  
 Will have time to judge them better.

When in after years we wander,  
 Be it East or be it West,  
 We'll agree regarding Internes  
 That our bunch was quite the best.

And we hope Success attends them,  
 Each become a fine physician,  
 With the time and health and money  
 To fulfil his noble mission.

—L. G.

## Jokes



Why have mothers given up the ancient custom of telling stories to their children before they go to sleep?

Because the children nowadays come home after the mothers have gone to sleep.

## A Father's Pipe Dream

Last night I dreamed and then awoke;  
 It seemed so very funny;  
 I dreamed my daughter had written home  
 And had not asked for money.

A lady recently lashed herself into a rage with her doctor because, when she complained of feeling tired out, he asked her to show her tongue.

Ashes to ashes and dust to dust.  
 If we don't have operations our tools  
 will rust.

"Do you know where wicked little boys go who don't put their money in the plate on Sundays?

"Yes, Mummy, to the pictures.

Two Scotchmen were adrift on a raft on a stormy sea. Angus knelt and began to pray: "O, Lord," he said, "I ken I've broken maist o' Thy commandments. But, O Lord, if I am spared this time, I promise——"

Here Andrew interrupted him, "I widna commit yoursel' ower far, Angus," said he, "I think I see land."

## The Editor's Chair



So many girls, so many—long ones, short ones, fat ones, thin ones. Girls with faces all alight with life. Girls with faces like masks. Girls with still, quiet faces, deep with thought. So the new probationers, in each separate division, come in, receive caps, are absorbed into the big game of training. Training for what? There can be but one answer: They are training to live—training to nurse—training to be real citizens.

Bright faces, calm faces, gentle faces, mask-like faces. To whom do these faces belong? Capped nurses—first, second, third year nurses. What is the training doing for them? What are they giving in return for the training offered? Opportunity is here for all. About this no one need wonder.

Eager faces, bright faces, long faces, mask-like faces—who are these?—Graduate nurses filing by. What will they do now the three long years of training are over? Where will they go? North, south, east, west? Again, what will they do with the knowledge they hold? Knowledge great and knowledge small, accumulated by each according to her ability. One dreams, dreams . . . and wonders.

—M. S. T.

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### Jokes

Housewife: How do you sell that cheese?

Mrs. Johnssing: Ah thought you all said you was gwine to name your new baby Victrola, but I hears you done made a change.

Mrs. Moses: Yes, ah expected it would be a girl an' ah had decided to name her Victrola, but she turned out to be a boy, so ah named him Radio.

A well known surgeon was importing clinical instruction to a class of students. The young men accompanied him around the wards. The surgeon halted by the bedside of a doubtful case.

"Now, gentlemen," said he, "is this, or is it not a case for operation?"

The dozen students made their diagnosis and each one of them decided it was not a case for operation.

"You are all wrong," said the surgeon, "I shall operate tomorrow at two-fifteen."

The patient rose slowly from the bed and looked at the students and then at the surgeon. "No, you won't," he said to the latter. Twelve to one is a good majority. Give me my clothes."

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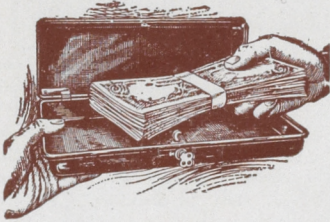
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